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CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 291
The Chicago Mayoralty 293
Admiral Mahan's Misgivings 293
To a Finish 294

THE PULPIT—
The Sub-Human Contributions to the Humanities. A Christmas Preparation Sermon.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones 295

CONTRIBUTED—
My Library. XX.—Smith Baker 298

POETRY—
A New Land.—Alonzo L. Rice 300
My Days.—Alice Lewis Cook 300
De Li'l' Chillun.—*Frank L. Stanton* 301

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The History and Practice of Religion 301

THE FIELD—
The Grimmest Jest in All History.—David Starr Jordan 302

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXIV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1915. Number 19

"Of wounds and sore defeat
I made my battle stay;
Winged sandals for my feet
I wove of my delay;
Of weariness and fear
I made my shouting spear;
Of loss and doubt and dread
And swift oncoming doom
I made a helmet for my head
And a floating plume."

—*William Vaughn Moody.*

Texas has no standing army. It is breeding the horns off its steers and learning to do without shotguns and pistols. Last summer it was building silos at the rate of fifteen a day. The State Business Men's Association reports 8,516 silos now doing business on the pacific lines of providing for the rearing of healthy babies and the multiplying of wholesome homes.

Unity has had from time to time disrespectful words for the cat, the animal of the wild that has suffered degeneracy by domestication, but we are anxious to give the cat its due, and a writer in the *Farm and Fireside* declares that a good cat is a more successful enemy to rats than all the traps available. But the government experience with rats and rat catching would indicate that this pestilence carrier, this wasteful destroyer of property cannot be exterminated by cats. Buildings can be made rat proof and towns can be rid of rats. Perhaps civilization will eventually be able to free itself from this devastator of wealth and destroyer of health, but it will require concerted action under scientific direction. Rats represent another "national problem."

The following statement, issued by the National Legislative Committee of the "Anti-Saloon League of America," puts in temperate words the hopeful situation. Surely the committee is right when it says: "The longer it takes to secure submission the shorter time will be required to reach ratification."

The temperance forces of the country have reason to be deeply gratified by the results of this day. It is the first time in the history of the Republic that the question of national prohibition has gotten upon the floor of either branch of Congress. The fact that the first effort should show a clear majority of eight, exclusive of pairs, with both floor leaders, the Chairman of the Rules Committee and the prestige of the President and the Secretary of State invoked against us; in view of the further fact that no member of the present Congress was elected on this issue, is exceedingly gratifying. A record has been made. The friends of the measure will no longer be fighting in the dark. For the first time the battle line is fairly and clearly drawn. Our appeal is now to the people. The longer it takes to secure submission, the shorter time will be required to reach ratification. The next immediate step is to secure a favorable report from the Judiciary Committee of the Senate.

The regular routine in the Tuesday morning Class in Religion held at the Abraham Lincoln Centre received an interesting variation recently. The topic was the first of four lessons on the Gospel of Mark, and Prof. J. Wood Miller occupied the first half of the time with a vocal interpretation of the first six chapters. Mr. Miller is a man of academic training, a college teacher who gives much time in interpreting with his voice the Scandinavian epic, the Nibelungenlied, and the New Testament epic as found in Mark. Without note or comment other than the delicate shadings which a trained flexible voice could give he held with unflagging interest the class who fain would have listened to the rendering of the entire book, which would have taken about an hour and a half had plans permitted. Mr. Miller does for the Book of Mark what Prof. Moulton does so successfully with Job and other Old Testament classics. The worst enemies of the Bible are its friends. How it is mangled and slaughtered weekly in the pulpits of Christendom when its classic measures and prophetic appeals are droned over the pulpits to the weariness of youth and the somnolent lullaby of the elders. It seems a far cry from the Christian epic to the Scandinavian Nibelungenlied, but the Professor finds a literary bond somehow, and judging from his success with the intelligent class of fifty-four women at the Lincoln Centre we commend the services of this voice interpreter of literature to clubs and classes in search of a culture that is inspiring.

If ever there was a case where executive clemency was justified and where the cause of humanity demanded some kind of executive interference with the judgment of courts and jury, it is in the case of Mr. Frank of Atlanta, whose conviction of murder and sentence to be hung has secured nation-wide reputation calling forth the united protest of many of the nation's noblest men and women. The evidence upon which he was convicted was, to say the least, circumstantial, ambiguous and subject to serious suspicion on the part of hundreds of disinterested men and women. That his hanging will be an offence to thousands of lovers of justice has been made apparent in many ways. Hanging is always official murder, and when this official murder blunders into an exe-

cution of the innocent it becomes an official disgrace, a reproach to state and nation. When everything else fails it lies in the power of the Governor of the State of Georgia to reprieve or to release. The humanities stand aghast at the prospect of the execution of a man when the presumption of innocence is urged by some of the leading men and papers of the nation. A refusal on the part of the Governor of Georgia to heed this request is unthinkable. In *Collier's* for December 19th and 26th the case has been carefully considered and the leading ministers of New York City, including such representatives as Newell Dwight Hillis, John Haynes Holmes, William Pierson Merrill, Charles H. Parkhurst, Frank Oliver Hall and others, have joined aggressively in the campaign to save the life of one the presumption of whose innocence is so great that without further light an execution would be a heinous crime. UNITY earnestly joints in the protest.

Where are the "university men" on the peace question? Are they apathetic in relation to this great unsolved problem of our so-called civilization, the disarming of the nations and substituting of law for force? At a recent meeting of earnest, wise, cool-headed workers for peace, a gracious but severe arraignment of the academic forces in the United States was made by a well-known representative of high college work and workers. Is it true that for the main part the heads of the great institutions of learning are not being heard from in uncertain tones on this subject? Is it true that professors even in the ethical and sociological departments, even those whose business it is to teach of the spiritual forces and the social necessities of the world still halt on the borders of a "Christianity" that has need of more battleships, more soldiers, more of the kind of "protection" represented by horns and claws and fangs and hoofs? If this is so it may only prove that the clerics on the campus share with the clerics in the pulpit the suspicion of being conservative, backward-looking, and wanting in the prophetic vision that makes for leadership on advancing line. How many of the heads of great institutions of learning, academic leaders, are ready to take their stand uncompromisingly for the pacification of the world by a reduction of armament, the establishment of an international police force instead of national armies and navies, and to begin this program right now? We know where to find David Starr Jordan, the honored chancellor of Leland Stanford, Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia, director of many of the peace forces that center in New York, and President Faunce of Brown University. Where are the others? The time is near at hand when the Congress of the United States will have to be divided on this question. The pacific policies so splendidly maintained by President Wilson and Secretary Bryan are to be challenged. The gum-shoe campaign of the Army and Navy League and the later born Uncle Sam's Saftey League are determined to push the old policy of an armed league and preparedness for war as a peace measure. This is *the* question of the day, compared with which all the others sink into insignificance and the leaders of either side have a right to know where the universities and the churches of the United States stand on this matter. Let the Yeas and Nays of the subject be called for.

At the recent meeting of the "Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America," held at Richmond, Va., a new office was created to which Rev. Charles S. MacFarland was promoted to General Secretary. Prof. Shailer Mathews and Dr. Gulick were appointed ambassadors to the churches of Japan, to sail January 9th. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, was one of the speakers. Sympathy and prayers were offered for the churches of Europe (!). Perhaps rebuke and exhortation would have been more in order. Inquiries into the possibility of a World's Congress of the "Christian churches of the world" were established. Who are to decide as to what constitutes the "Christian churches?" A Commission on Church and Country Life was appointed; another to consider the needs and interests of the colored race. Religious work at the Panama Exposition was undertaken. Temperance, Christian education, reforms on international peace, family life, Sunday observances, the five hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of John Huss, and an attempt toward religious publicity were among the things considered. According to the printed letter-head before us thirty constituent bodies are listed, six of which are Baptist bodies the central characteristic of which is immersion. Seven of them as we count are Methodist bodies three of which are colored churches. Five of them carry the word "Presbyterian" in their names. The titles of six or more of them would indicate a foreign characteristic, perhaps a non-English language. Surely there is need for federation here and it is not expecting too much that these petty points of difference, microscopical theological and ecclesiastical fancies, will slowly disappear as the result of this Federation. But according to the last statistics of the United States there are over 150 different religious organizations in this country. What of the other 120 not here represented? The very name carries with it the danger of either conceit or hypocrisy. We are quite aware that the convictions and affiliations of the present writer would exclude him and his colleagues from this "Federal

Council" and we have no protest to make against this exclusion. But it is equally apparent that the believers in unity and efficiency in religious organization have still a work to do. Another circle must be drawn in order to include even that which is orthodox in theology and congenial in method. Meanwhile we will continue to watch the development of the movement with sympathetic curiosity. They have undertaken a colossal task and they are confronted either with a triumphant success or an ignoble collapse.

The Chicago Mayoralty

Carter Harrison's wife has consented! His famous hat is again in the ring. For the sixth time he asks for the endorsement of his candidacy. With the true instincts of a politician he loses no time in asking for the suffrage of the 400,000 women in Chicago who may have the deciding vote.

Mayor Harrison is a gallant man. He has been courting feminine favors assiduously of late. His best asset in the campaign is the gracious and accomplished lady who presides at his fireside. Mayor Harrison is himself a man of clean habits, a home maker and a home enjoyer.

Mayor Harrison's machine is well oiled. Five terms in the Mayor's chair have enabled him to bring the machine to its highest perfection; the smallest wheel and the most insignificant cog is tried and adjusted. Why does he want another term? His answer is, to finish the jobs he has undertaken. What are these jobs? In his New Year's speech he states them frankly: The widening of Twelfth Street, the connecting of the North and South sides with a suitable boulevard bridge and the inauguration of a subway. For these tasks he solicits the support of the ladies.

Are these the supreme interests in the municipal life of Chicago and do they carry persuasion into the hearts of the 400,000 women who for the first time are privileged to join in the momentous task of seating a mayor?

Where does the always affable Mayor propose to stand on the enforcement of law, the renovation of the police service which throughout all the administrations of the present as of other mayors has been corrupted by vice, often a fence to the vicious and in many ways in league with law breakers. The weak point in the administration of Mayor Harrison is the apparently fundamental conviction that vice must not only be regnant but must be sanctioned under certain conditions and in certain quarters in a big city. Gambling, harlotry, inebriety, robbery and the vulgarities and irreverences that go therewith have found but feeble and sometimes no opposition at the hands of the forces that the Mayor is supposed to wield. It will be a sorry day for Chicago when the women, the home-makers, the last hope of the metropolis, allow themselves to be distracted and divided by the gaudy promises of bridges, parks and better transportation. Let the women stand for the virtuous administration of the laws now existent, the repeal of vicious laws and the enactment of new ones looking toward decency and safety. Let them call for an administration that will be in league with respectability and not with law breakers, and all these other things will come in due time.

Admiral Mahan's Misgivings

The European crisis has produced few profounder effects upon individual opinion than that upon the thought and feeling of Admiral Mahan in his last days, as reported and discussed by Canon Douglas in his remarkable article upon Admiral Mahan in the *Churchman*. Canon Douglas has been the long-time friend of Admiral Mahan, closely associated with him in church affairs, and his article is in part a tribute to the Admiral's religious life and character; but it is his revelation of the almost revolutionary effect of the war upon the Admiral's views which now attracts such attention. The events of the war, Canon Douglas tells us, overwhelmed Mahan with concern. His sympathies on the whole were with England and her allies; and it was with special interest in England that his writings upon the importance of sea power had in the past been informed. He now realized keenly, however, that his books had been a distinct and decisive stimulus to Germany's determination to become also a great sea power, and that he had thus contributed in a measure to strengthening the naval rivalry between the two nations which became so great an element in the present hostility. "Here was an unexpected application of his thesis; and we need not be surprised to learn that it gave him pause."

This, however, was not the deepest consideration with him. The awful catastrophe filled him with doubt as to the wisdom and the right of the whole present system of war and great rival armaments. Admiral Mahan was classed to be a Christian. Unlike Bernhardi, who does not pretend to advocate the ethics of Jesus, Mahan did recognize and emphasize these. He was conscious of the apparent contradiction between the death of his Christ and War, but felt that war and great armaments were provisionally necessary to cope with "the short-sighted barbarism and wickedness of men and nations." But the European crisis provoked sharply a new line of thought. "At one and the same time, by the cataclysm of this world-wide war a question was brought home to Mahan's open mind and to his Christian soul which had never hitherto been presented so evidently." Are not the conditions of the nations changing pro-

foundly? Is not the curtain being rung down on the old order of Europe and the world? Must not even the mere poltical economist, much more the thorough Christian, reconsider the whole question of war? Although under past conditions of our civilization, devout Christians have felt justified in joining in some wars for the sake of truth and freedom and justice and protection of the weak, has not a new epoch now opened on the world?

Canon Douglas develops the considerations which were weighing on Mahan's mind touching the growing stupidity of all war, of its inability even to accomplish the purposes of military powers themselves, its hostility to the interests of the people, and its unfitness to the modern interdependent life of the world, something which it is the duty of all Christians to devote themselves to averting altogether. He intimates that Mahan contemplated some message to his fellow men along these lines, and well pronounces it "lamentable" that his sudden death came before he could give his message; but he asks, as many will do, moved by this impressive revelation of the last workings of Admiral Mahan's mind, "May it not be that on the fields of Europe, and in our own present national experience, we have the message so that he who runs may read?"

"To a Finish!"

The following article, taken from the current issue of *Concord,* the journal of the International Arbitration and Peace Association of England, is written by Senator Henri La Fontaine, President of the International Peace Bureau and a Belgian senator. It is of great significance and we gladly reprint it in UNITY. If anybody's heart should be hardened by suffering and embittered by the indignities which war brings to individual, to home, to church, locality and state, a Belgian senator's would be justified in such a hardening. If anyone should be maddened by war passions to the point of praying for more victories, hoping for more battles that wrongs might be expiated and the "enemy" humiliated, it would be justified by one in the position of Senator La Fontaine. But here is a heart, disciplined by sorrow, fashioned by courage, not by hatred which gives way to love, and the divine spirit within cries "Hold! 'Tis enough! Let us ground arms, shake hands, be friends again and start on its career a new civilization based on the community of Interests, the fraternity of Powers." Let nations find their perpetuity, their efficiency and very safety secured by kindness, not by harshness. Let them put faith in the other man more than faith in themselves.

"The unanimous cry of the belligerents is "To a Finish." In Germany and in Austria, as in France, in England and in Belgium this cry goes forth with a rare misunderstanding of what it means.

A fight to a finish! To the finish of what? Of militarism, will be the answer. But nobody reflects on the terrible sacrifices, the frightful massacres, the unheard-of ruin that this answer implies. Day by day the journals of the Allies repeat, with an enervating and disgusting monotony, a wearisome anthem like a litany: "Along the whole front a huge battle from the Swiss frontiers to the shores of Flanders, no notable change has been produced. The German attacks have been everywhere repulsed and considerable losses have been inflicted on them."

As to the losses of the Allies, they are hardly referred to. In reply to a member of Parliament, the British Government has recently admitted that in 75 days the "casualties," to use the English euphemism, amounted to 57,000. During the ten days of the battle of the Yser those of the Belgians were reckoned at 12,000. Competent military authorities estimate that, if the war should last for a year, 75 per cent of the soldiers will be killed or wounded; that is to say, that in sixteen months all the combatants will be maimed or dead.

It is estimated that at the present moment 20,000,000 men are under arms, and those who, in their wicked dreams, wish for a fight to a finish, to the final exhaustion, to a collective suicide, are talking of levies *en masse* which would bring up the effective armies to 40,000,000 combatants destined to become 40,000,000 corpses or invalids.

It must finish some day, unless in their turn the mothers and daughters are armed, and already London women have shouldered the rifle and are being trained for the impious work of death, they who are, by destiny and duty, the creators of life.

An end must be put to the young, the growing, and the adults in all the force of their experience and development. An end must be put to the savants, the thinkers, the highest intelligence, and the most brilliant artists. An end must be put to civilization, progress, inventions, and beauty. An end must be put to the age-long madness of men in loving and trusting. An end must be put to shining prospects and splendid hopes. Under impressive stars and the triumphant sun, an end must be put to the human race. That is the real meaning of the fatalistic cry which is hypnotizing the world!

Indeed if in the presence of the horrid spectacle of muddy trenches filled with putrefying corpses and wounded men awaiting tetanus and gangrene, humanity does not rise and shout, in an access of clear-sighted madness, "Enough, enough!" it had better come to an end.

Better that the earth unencumbered with the dwellings of men, freed from the criminal multitudes who, thirsting for blood and murder, abuse it with their shells, delivered from the frightful cacophony of their war cries mingled with the deafening roar of cannons and the crackling of the mitrailleuses, better that the earth roll inert and verdant, inhabited by birds and filled with their songs, in the vast spaces restored to their eternal calm."

THE PULPIT

The Sub-Human Contributions to the Humanities

A Christmas Preparation Sermon

By JENKIN LLOYD JONES

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

REPRINTED FROM HOARD'S DAIRYMAN, DEC. 25, 1914.

We are on the eve of the gracious holiday season, Christmas comes on apace, when the human heart is supposed to revel in joy and thankfulness. We are expected to rejoice in the bounties of the earth, to celebrate the wealth of field and garden. Christmas is a festival of the heart, a home celebration of household loves and human good wills. But how can we face the celebration in this year of blood and curses, of human slaughter, and the more unspeakable misery of the unslaughtered, those who remain with broken hearts in broken homes.

By the mockery that lurks in the conventional thought of Christmas celebration in this year of war distresses I am driven, for my own reassurance and, if it may be, for your consolation, to seek some subhuman re-enforcements to the humanities which I believe in; some cosmic justification for the hopes I indulge in, and the cheer I still rejoice in.

The latest book to come to my table has the startling title of "The Human Side of Plants." It is a book not written by a poet or sentimentalist. In this book no playwright marshals the plants in masks as Rostand did the animals in "Chanticleer." But it is a book written by a botanist, and with botanists in mind. It is the book of a scientist, willing to face scientific realities; it is a book dealing in the main with the well established and well acknowledged facts as taught by botanists. This book tells us of the plants that walk, that eat, that catch insects, that fish, that defend themselves, that keep a standing army and navy, that employ aerial squadrons, that keep servants and live stock, yes—plants that rob, and plunder, and murder; plants that build airships. Here we are told of plants that soar, that carry life insurance, kidnap, entertain, that hide their blossoms and their fruit, that court and join in solemn marriage, and lastly in the final chapter, we come upon the audacious title, "The Mentality and Spirituality of Plants." The mentality and spirituality of plants! Think of it! We are told that plants have a psychic sense in addition to the five senses with which we are endowed. Plants see, and feel, and hear, and taste, and have that other psychic sense which enables them to climb over the obstructions above, which they cannot see and feel or smell perhaps, and find the wall behind the bank upon which they are to climb.

Everywhere in the plant world we see the beginning of that struggle for existence which reaches towards the co-operation of human communities. The story of wheat antedates the pyramids. The story of barley and rye and Indian corn is inextricably associated with the story of human civilization. Every new plant mastered by the skill of man, developed as a human resource or companion, is a re-enforcement to the gospel of reason and love. Kaffir corn, alfalfa, rape, spineless cacti, and the new berries and fruits developed by Burbank are headings for new chapters in the story of human progress. They indicate more than can be put into words that our human life line, if adequately measured, must be traced back and back and down into the vast realm of plant life.

And if we cross the very uncertain boundary between plant and animal life, how much fuller and more gracious, how much more profound is that unbound Bible of God, the pages of which have been written in nature. When we enter the animal kingdom we find that which enriches our sympathies, restores our faith, and lifts us higher and still higher onto the highlands of brotherhood, towards which all the gory fields of Europe are but incidental episodes of the march.

Next to learning how to kindle and control fire, the most important triumph of man is the domestication of animals. Without their co-operation the poor, unweaponed and unclothed human creature could never have risen to the supremacy which he now occupies. The student of primitive man cannot go back far enough to find man unaccompanied by the dog. The contribution of the dog to the spiritual life of the race is greater than his contribution to its physical prosperity, great as that is.

Where would the march of empire be without the beasts of burden which accompanied the human,—the camel, the ox, the horse, and, still more, the later bovine benedictions of the cow, the foster mother of millions of children, the humanitarian agency in millions of homes? When kings, czars and kaisers misread their mission and pervert the human state, misdirect the energies of man, and render of no avail the messages of justice, love and service proclaimed on Sinai and Olivet,—exemplified in the master souls of Socrates, Buddha and Jesus,—the gospel of the bird's nest, the message of the barnyard, the persuasive plea of the dog, restore our faith, that after all "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," and that the meek are to inherit it.

This larger brotherhood of life is ever groping, climbing, and at times soaring, towards the Christmas heights of "Peace on earth and good will to men." It lifts us above all petty jealousies and mocks the heroics of nations and the blind conceits of races. To all these things belong the *reductio ad absurdum,* they seem so small, and mean, and transient.

Long before we find man on this earth, we find human attributes blooming in brutal realms. Not only is there a human side to plants but there is a human side through all the life on earth. The more we study the realms of the little brothers and sisters we have in furs and feathers, the more do we learn of the higher and better economy of the human state. The old text said, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard!" The old aristocrats of earth did that and learned lessons of industry and thrift. The new man, Tolstoy, went to the ant and found a sociological gospel of mutual helpfulness, of public spirit, of community forbearance.

The bovine has come to be too precious to be used as the burden bearer. The cow is now the great foster mother of humanity. Millions upon millions of babes today have fed adequately on the providence of this foster mother and any suggestion of a pestilence that will devastate the barnyard sends a thrill of horror and anxiety into every corner of the humane heart. The prospect of a widespread epidemic that

might necessitate the slaughter of a million cows, puts all questions of finance into the background. He is indeed a mean and hard hearted man who only counts upon the effect on the cattle market of this menace of the foot and mouth disease, so imminent is the profounder loss to the thousands of babes who confidently grow up happy and buxom in the divine providence expressing itself through the developed cow which we might almost say is man-made.

Dog and horse stories are so abundant in literature that I marvel that they are made so little of in the study and enforcement of spiritual realities. They have played so large a part in the ethical problems of the race that they deserve something more than economic consideration.

Sturdy sailors shed salty tears as "Buffalo Bill" bade good-bye to his comrade and champion, his gallant horse of the wild west. As he lay on the deck of a great steamer wrapped in the American flag, before he was consigned to his watery grave, his master said:

"Charley, but for your willing speed and tireless courage, I would many years ago have lain low as you are now, and my Indian foe would have claimed you for his slave. Yet you never failed me, Charley, old fellow. I have had many friends, but very few of whom I would say that. Men tell me you have no soul, but if there be a heaven and scouts can enter there, I'll wait at the gate for you, old friend."

One of the masterpieces in American oratory is Senator Vest's tribute to a dog, delivered in the line of his practice as a lawyer before a jury. He said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground when the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

How the pages of English literature would be impoverished if we took out of it the stories of the bird, the dog, and the horse. The tenderness of Robert Burns would shrink in an expurgated edition of his work that would leave out his poems to "Mousy" and the "Ould mare Maggie" and his ewe lamb "Mallie."

Shaler argues that much as has been the economic contribution to the life of man coming from the domestication of animals, the psychological contribution has been still greater. He reminds us that the brutal inhumanities of the French Revolution were not committed by the peasants whose lives had been softened and made tender by contact with animals, but by the city bred, who were untouched by the gospel of the barnyard and the lessons of field and forest.

I tell these stories from the low down realms of life to show how the Gospel of the Christ, the triumph of the Cross, is rooted not in "civilized" life, not "Christian" life, nor yet in "human" life, but in *life*, that reaches farther down than our study can go and higher up than our experience reaches.

How petty are the dividing lines between Teuton and Briton, Frank and Slav, as we study the profounder reaches of the law of brotherhood further down. If we have a place in our hearts for the Russian hound, what about the Russian man that trains him? If we have admiration for the dachshund, have we no place for the German that loves him? He who is a pro-Jersey cowman must necessarily be a pro-Briton, knowing who raises the Jersey cow. If we make room for the beautiful Ayrshire cow we all admired at the Dairy Show the other day, we must make room for the Scotchman who developed her.

So let us cultivate the Christmas spirit that is cosmic before it is "Christian." Any attempt to bring the angel songs down to earth, to be successful, must make common cause with the force that has, or is, eliminating horns, claws and fangs, supplanting the same with the marvelous hand, the deft fingers, and the dome of thought.

So notwithstanding the gruesome situation in Europe, I am going to celebrate Christmas with a right good heart, because I am going to get my back up against the universe. I will remember that I belong to the Pleiades, that I am allied to that Providence that draped this naked earth with beautiful green life. I am allied to the rose. I am neighbor to the robin, and I am akin to the elephant in P. T. Barnum's menagerie. An ugly splinter, deeply rooted in her pondrous foot, was extracted by a dextrous surgeon, who with great danger to himself probed the wound and prepared the way for a speedy healing. A year and a half passed and the elephant was again in town. When the surgeon visited his patient, she raised the healed foot and caressed him with her proboscis.

I love these stories because they re-enforce my Bible. They rebuke my dogmatism. I find in them an escape from the Calvinism that would write the message of God in lurid terms of hell fire. They help me escape from that interpretation that would crown with power some devil of mischief, or malign Satan. These stories teach me that there is a groping towards beauty, a leaning towards duty, a climbing towards the light, everywhere discoverable in the mighty processions of life, growing more mighty and more gracious in every upward reach. These stories teach me that within the whole circumference of the universe there is no spot upon which the foot of an unmitigated devil can rest. In all the immensity of earth there is no abiding place for a Satan untouched with a thirst for righteousness. In the long run there is no place for the bayoneted man any more than for the bayoneted animal. Both are doomed. The time will come, it is nearer here now than we realize, when the brute elements will be eliminated from the human as the life—destroying and progress—thwarting brutes are being eliminated from the wilds of earth. If we fail to find a gospel in the creeds of Christendom, if to our imperfect vision the Bible breaks down, then I move the previous question and seek the gospel of love and brotherhood in the bird's nest.

Wellington's defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo changed the map of Europe. He was called the "Iron Duke," but I like better the story of the Wellington who comforted the sobbing boy because he must go

off to school and leave unattended his pet toad. "I will take care of your toad," said the great general, and he took him home and became a human providence to the much underestimated co-worker with man, his assistant gardener. He would write the lad of how the toad was getting along. In the balances of the Almighty the heart of the man who could make common cause with a boy in the interest of a toad, was a more valuable contribution to the coming kingdom of God on earth than the skill of the conqueror at Waterloo. Back of the triumphant general lay the military achievements of history, the ambitions and triumphs of the Alexanders, Cæsars, Hannibals, all fused into the will of the "Iron Duke," but the tenderness of mothers unborn, the spirit of gentleness and pity, the hearts of the saviors of the world, are found in the story of the toad.

Let not my illustrations confuse my lesson. The point I want to make is that in this dire predicament which overhangs the approaching Christmas, there is no justification for gloomy discouragements. The pessimist still has no place on which to stand. Even on the reeking battlefields of Europe human nature is there, and if it has gone wrong it will not go far. Let the sword bearers do their devilish work to the utmost, still the peasant life of Germany, France, England, Russia, Australia, Belgium, as elsewhere, will still be sweet, tender, loyal, so long as there are little lambs to be nurtured, little calves to be fed, little colts to be tamed; so long as there are little chickens to be loved and fed by little boys and girls; aye, so long as there is a flower to be watered in the front yard by care burdened homekeepers. So long as man will plant trees, set out parks, preserve places of beauty, will the procession of life, not of man alone, but of all life, move upward and onward towards the heights of gentleness, tenderness and forgiveness, though the road be over cross-crowned heights.

The solution of the European war trouble is to be found in the gospel of the barnyard. The Texas steer with its branching weapons is giving way to "the cow with the crumpled horn," and she is making way for the cow that has no horns. Farmers are breeding the horns off their cattle and the process is too slow to meet the humanities of the barnyard. The humane farmer saws the horns off, knowing that the momentary agony is overbalanced by the permanent peace that will prevail ever after in the barnyard.

"Why did you choose this breed for dairy purposes?" I asked a farmer last summer as his handsome herd of Red Polls quietly passed through the barnyard gate in intimate contact. "I believe, sir," was the reply, "it is because they are so gentle. They are so kind to one another and to everybody that it is a pleasure to handle them." There is a whole system of political economy in that answer. Nay, here is the Gospel of the Nazarene in barnyard philosophy and cow demonstration. Here is a suggestion for the international code that is to come. The Red Polls are a hornless breed. They have left behind them the gospel of force. They have already forgotten the attributes that belong to horned animals. There is a new psychology, a higher political economy for the barnyard, and there must be for the council chambers of nations. The times are as ripe for dehorned nations as for dehorned cows. The unarmed man is justified by nature and by history. His bloodless quests are practiced by the marching hosts of life, reaching from the humble earth-worm, without whose services this globe would still be a barren place, up and on to the conquests of reason, to the universal brotherhood.

Conquest and Justice

If it be true, according to the old saying, that the songs of a people are in their effect as important as the laws—and there is certainly a great truth in the saying—then we have no right to be careless about the songs which we sing and which we let our young people sing. This is peculiarly true concerning national songs and whatever affects the quality of our patriotism; for whether patriotism be a good thing or a mischievous thing depends upon its quality. That patriotism may be of a supremely mischievous character is one of the clearest and saddest lessons of the present European crisis. An exaggerated national sentiment which drowns human sentiment, and especially a patriotism identified with armies and navies and war, are responsible for many of the worst contributions to a collision for which the whole world is now paying so awful a penalty. "Patriotism versus Christianity" was the title of one of Tolstoy's most solemn tractates; and there are few things today that are versus Christianity, which means universal human brotherhood, in higher degree than the false patriotism which unhappily is the most common form of patriotism. Drum and fife and gun have been the accepted symbols and instruments of our patriotism to a startling degree; and it is high time for us to realize that the teacher in the school, the preacher in the pulpit, the editor at his desk, the historian and the poet, the merchant and the workman, the policeman on his beat, and the fireman on his watch, if faithfully doing their duty, are patriots as truly as the men with guns and with worthier tools and in higher realms of service.

There has in recent years been a concerted effort, originating in navy circles, to push "The Star-Spangled Banner" to preëminent place among our national songs. It holds by right no such primacy. About the music there is nothing sacred and nothing American; it is an old English drinking-song. Its range is such that it is a peculiarly difficult song for most people to sing, and the average audience usually breaks down in it; although as a brass band piece it is effective. The words of the song are not without merit, but are without distinction, and relate to an episode in one of our least important and least heroic wars—the pictures which they chiefly summon and perpetuate being of "the rocket's red glare" and "bombs bursting in air." Is this perpetuation worth while? Is it salutary? Does it perform the function which we ought to demand of a common national song constantly on the popular tongue, and especially the tongues of the children? Let it keep its place, by all means, with the brass band; but do not sanctify it and give it prominence in the schools or peculiar place with the people, especially when we have "America" and so many noble songs which the people really love better.

A special objection to its special prevalence is that it does more than any other popular utterance to keep alive the confounding of success and right, the false and pernicious notion that "conquer we must when

our cause is just." If a struggling people declares this as an expression of its resolution and its confidence in its righteous cause in some fight with wrong, no one would criticize; but if, as is commonly the case, it is meant somehow to identify conquest with justice and to imply that victory is vindication in war, then it is a frightful falsehood, and we should not sanction its teaching in the schools or anywhere else. Victory in war has almost nothing to do with the justice of the cause. Those of us who believe that this is God's world believe that in the long run, "at last, far off," God's will will be fulfilled; but that victory in any given battle or any given war is to be viewed as fulfillment of that will is not only false, but dangerous, teaching. On the whole, the wars of the world have meant the triumph of injustice, the general victory of the despotic and the strong over the struggling and the weak, for force and fighting are not the fitting or effective instruments of justice. Napoleon, in the cynical remark attributed to him, that "God is on the side of the biggest battalions," came nearer to the truth of history than our song; but his fatal mistake was in saying God instead of victory. It is mischievous and demoralizing in the highest degree to permit our people to confound success with righteousness in war or, broadly speaking and making brief surveys, anywhere else, which is far from saying that wrong does not involve inevitable retribution, that sin and punishment do not grow on one stem, and that righteousness does not exalt a nation.

We won against England in our war for independence, but England won against the Boers in a quarrel vastly more unjust than her difference with us. The North conquered the South in our civil war in what we count a righteous cause; but had the South been as strong as the North, and the North as weak as the South, we should not have done it. We conquered Mexico twenty years before the civil war, not because "our cause was just," but because we had "the biggest battalions," that is, the strongest and best organized battalions. The war on our part was, as General Grant so justly declared it, "one of the most unjust wars ever waged by a stronger against a weaker people." He said plainly and truly that it was "a political war," and that our troops "were sent to provoke a fight." Our stealing of California, Arizona and New Mexico from Mexico as spoils of the war is no more to be regarded as the reward of virtue than the stealing of Alsace and Lorraine by Germany from France in 1871. John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, Charles Sumner, Horace Mann, Garrison, Phillips, Theodore Parker, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier and Emerson, to mention Massachusetts men alone, rise up in the record of their solemn words to confound the claim that we conquered Mexico because "our cause was just"; and Hoar and Boutwell, Atkinson and Storey, Pillsbury and McCall, Higginson, Eliot and Norton gave similar expression to the conscience of Massachusetts concerning our "successful" conquest of the Philippines. If Russia conquers Germany in the present war and appropriates Constantinople and Turkey, it will not be because her "cause is just"—although, whether she wins or loses, we shall all still have to ask ourselves whether 170,000,000 people, in a preëminently commercial age, can be permanently or properly denied access to the sea—but because she had France and Britain as allies; and if Germany wins, it will have nothing to do with justice, but will be by virtue of her superior military organization and her superior Krupp guns. There was never an hour when it was more important than at this hour to make men understand that battles are not courts of justice and victories are not the voice of God; and the sooner we stop singing these things, the better for our young people in the schools and for us all.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

My Library—No. XX

For some good reason, I trust, I did not get to reading Byron very much when younger, and so did not experience the "craze" for him that was wont to be so prevalent before my day. I remember enjoying very much Washington Irving's account of Newstead Abbey, Byron's earlier home, and thinking I must sometime become familiar with the better works of its owner. Then, when I went to a more advanced school, I found that it was the regular thing for young men and women to write orations and essays upon him; but still I remained immune, and had to await a suitable opportunity for reading him for many years. Yet I am now sure that this course was not altogether wise, as I now find out whenever I take Byron in hand. Without particularizing beyond "Childe Harold," which I like to sip greedily from now and then, I find that whenever I do this I develop the feeling promptly that, when the chilling mists of insincere and captious criticism and false estimation in general have finally yielded to the Celestial Light, Byron will stand forth as one of the edifying Masters in English that the reading world cannot afford very extensively to neglect or exclude. Surely his quality of spontaneous ebullition from the verymost depths of poetic thought and feeling should not be buried under the colder more formal sod of some of his hard laboring successes. As Dr. Lyman Beecher is said to have desired to know Byron in order that he might convert him to the Christian fellowship, so I would like to know Byron's works more familiarly in order, possibly, that I myself may become converted to some, at least, of the dynamic Romanticism that is attributed to both them and his life.

And something like this could be appropriately said of my experience with Shelley and his writings. Certain of his shorter poems I took to rather early; but his longer "Queen Mab" and "Prometheus Unbound," etc., had to wait for years before being read with clear appreciation. An old friend used to say that the notes to Shelley's Queen Mab first opened up to his mind new conceptions of almost everything worth serious consideration, and this has been corroborated by others, as well as to some extent by myself. As for Shelley's "Letters," especially those from Italy, one has to look far for anything that quite equals some of them. They are a delight long to be remembered, and somewhat frequently to be renewed.

It was a woman, a clear-headed cultivated teacher, one of a family that was strict and old-fashioned in every wholesome sense, who first called my attention to the interest and profit to be obtained from reading of Principal Shairp's "Robert Burns," in the "English Men of Letters Series." And soon was I thoroughly

pleased because of this. Before reading this book I had, in spite of Carlyle's brilliant praise, mostly looked upon Burns as a brilliant and reckless erratic, who had written a vast number of poems that were more or less ribald or profane, and a very few others only that were properly welcome to people who were accustomed to the common decencies of life. How I came to know so many things about this gifted man that were not true, I am unable to recall. Probable enough, these mostly came from my unduly accrediting information from those who thought themselves somewhat too "pure" to associate with such a man, even in thought. However, after reading Principal Shairp's masterly yet sympathetic account of Burns' numerous ups and downs, I came to have a very different opinion of him as a man, and a much more appreciative one of him as a poet. Burns once wrote to a friend: "My poor distracted mind is so torn, so jaded, so racked, and be-deviled with the task of the superlatively damned, to make one guinea do the business of three, that I detest, abhor and swear at the very word business."

Nevertheless, Burns' poverty undoubtedly prompted him to some of his very best efforts, even as poverty has thus served so many others; yet because of it also undoubtedly his temperament was always endangered by having to do with what it was all unfit for, and consequently much more sure to break out in every sort of destructive explosion than to keep on in the even tenor of the regulation way. Of course, poverty does not explain Robert Burns, any more than does sensuality, or drunkenness, or "heterodoxy." But he explains himself well enough, if only one will regard him as himself, and not as someone else. So regarded, his derelictions and mishaps and failures all dwindle to something comparatively excusable; and he stands forth afterwards not only as a poet to be respected, but as a man to be loved, and this without excusing the inexcusable in any sense. At any rate, this is the way it appeared to me as soon as I had really learned the truth about him, and had read his poems and letters with anything like a seeing eye. And it led me to believe also that the time ought to pass when a man's success, his real work, can be cruelly blotted out, even by his contemporaries, simply because of one or more traits or experiences which do not tally with some preconceived conventionality. It ought not to be that a single misstep, or even a series of missteps, shall be counted as of more significance than a lifelong journey otherwise in the direction that leads to the individual goal eventually. In this way, and in many other ways, the life of Robert Burns is as full of valuable suggestions as of obvious lessons. His poetry, too, is so full of a loving heart that it puts to shame very much of the respectable rhyming which is so cold that only a nearly frozen intellectuality could ever have written it, or a zero state of soul can ever appreciate it.

Says Walt Whitman, in his "Democratic Vistas," "Literature tills its crops in many fields, and some may flourish, while others lag." As one thinks of the field that Whitman tilled so many years, one is reminded of many another field of primeval soil, where the plow had to nose its way deep and the hoe could scarcely master the weeds that followed. But then, what a glorious harvesting for the toiler, in due season! My liking for Whitman's poetry was negative until I read John Burroughs' article in the *Atlantic Monthly* sometime in the early nineties. In this there were quotations that caught my attention, and what Mr. Burroughs had to say about their author encouraged me to look forward to learning more of him. So, when in the "Old Corner Bookstore" in Boston, some months after, I came across a complete single-volumed edition of his poems, I was glad to bring it away for the hour when I could give the undivided attention that I had been led to think it deserved. It was weeks, however, before this was found; and then something resulted that was without parallel in my experience with poetical volumes. I opened at random; I read as continuosly as practicable to the end; I turned to the beginning and re-read to where I had started—led on page after page, growing in interest, fascinated beyond resistance, swept along by the something, I know not what—by curiosity, warmth of expression, the human, the universal, the rugged,—the something that simply impelled me to such a course, in defiance of all the presuppositious prejudices, half knowledges and downright contempt that had before kept me from reading him! To no other poet do I remember thus to have surrendered myself in any such wholesale fashion; and I have often wondered and tried to find out what it really was in Walt Whitman that constituted the source of the spell that subjugated me, but I have never quite succeeded. Even after reading carefully the biographies written later by Mr. Burroughs and Mr. Bliss Perry, I seemed no nearer to a solution of the mystery than before. In fact, the mystery always re-embodies itself whenever I now read Whitman; and no whit less than at first. I am always swayed along, perhaps better, troubled along, as if he had my mind in his larger one, and was leading me everywhere, as he willed. Nor do I ever fail to find that the destination is anything less than a fit climax to all the good things by the way. For me the end is always a vision, larger, better defined, more attractive, than I had expected; the way thither always embroidered with growths of every hue and gems of every angle and radiance. Always, in spite of the very obvious uncouthness at times, of the lewd suggestiveness at others, of the endless if not dry cataloguing everywhere,—which, for some reason, however, seldom intrudes upon thought or feeling,—I find myself gathering a chaplet of good things that are to be permanent possessions, and seeing whole horizons of possibilities that beckon me to come for their gathering at will. I never read Walt Whitman without being opened up to more light, stimulated to better activities, and imbued with the hope that abides. As he himself invokes:

> And to make the most jubilant song!
> Full of music—full of mankind, womankind, infancy!
> Full of common employments—full of grain and trees;

So do I respond as he again has written:

> My ties and ballasts leave me, my elbows rest in sea-gaps,
> I skirt sierras, my palms cover continents,
> I am afoot with my vision.

and I spontaneously bless the day when Walt Whitman's "Poetry" became an honored accession to My Library, and this, not only, but his complete Writings, both poetical and prose, which came to me in an edition that ornaments while it invites anew, ever to closer and wider acquaintance than before.

Many others have since seen in Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" ample justification for the consored reception that was given it at first. This may or may not be evidence of their really superior moral sensibility, or clearer thinking. As a physician, I can only see that it was high time that someone of power had the courage, the insight and the poetic skill to set the things of the body along side the things of the spirit in equal significance, just as Browning does in "Rabbi Ben Ezra," and not in some despicable contrast. The old Eastern notion respecting their comparative value and place that has dominated the Western world all these centuries, must eventually step by step give way before the advance of hygienic and sanitary and educational considerations, whether so-called "idealists" or "purists" think this proper or not. And there is no sensible or moral or spiritual reason whatever why the true uses of both mind and body should not be sung in verse, as well as investigated and treated by the scientists, if only someone appears who has the genius properly to do it. Of Whitman's genius there can be no question; that he covered conventionally forbidden ground does not militate against his chosen application of it, in the least; that he succeeded so poetically, is or should be a matter of gratitude; that he did it so chaste withal, is simply marvelous. Perhaps the only usefully suggestive outcome, that which is very applicable, is that reported to have come from the lips of Mr. Emerson: "Walt said altogether too much about such things!" implying obviously, however, that the subject-matter itself was not necessarily objectionable. Perhaps Whitman's real undertaking ought not to be forgotten so frequently by those who are inclined to quibble about his topics or his ways of treating them. Says he:

> Of life immense in passion, pulse, and power,
> Cheerful, for present action formed under laws divine,
> The Modern Man I sing;

or if this be not satisfactory, then hear him again:

> Come, said the Muse,
> Sing me a song no poet yet has chanted,
> Sing me the universal.

and it is well to take him seriously at his own word.

One cannot help feeling a great pity that the best memories of Oscar Wilde are so befouled with what he is said to have done during his later years. All I really know is, that his enemies do not spare him, and that his friends often speak of him with bated breath, if at all; while his intimate Lord Douglas' recent volume is not reassuring, to any extent, still, where in the English tongue can be found more truly poetical expressions than in some of Wilde's verses, and where keener critical insight and a more truly finished style than in some of his prose. Of course, he is radical, sees things from a daring point of view, and writes with a free hand—at times in fact is rather startling. Perhaps, however, this is more because of associated remembrances on the part of the reader that are startling, than of anything that Wilde actually says. But is not this also true of others, of Byron, of Poe, of Goethe, of de Musset, of many, in fact, who have so defaulted morally that some people would be glad to forget the person, even while accepting gratefully the literary product? Certainly I would not like to spare my single volume of Oscar Wilde's "Poems," nor the one in prose called "Intentions." Some day I even mean to read more of his writings, although I have to defy every puritanical prejudice that protests against it. One may believe that sometimes too strict a censorship of authors is quite as bad or may be worse than none at all. As one thinks of it, there is a period in Walt Whitman's life that nobody seems exactly or satisfactorily to account for; and all know what a fateful prejudice "Leaves of Grass" had to contend with for years. But who now is so silly as not to read him freely, and remain content simply to let Time take care of its own in its own way. Fortunately, also, is it that the offensive slandering about Shelley's married life is being slowly resolved into a more decent rendering, under the cleansing light of the simple truth. And so perhaps it would be if we could really learn the facts and all the facts about others; perhaps our "charity" would expand enough even to cover all that is truly reprehensible in Wilde and Whitman, as it does in respect of Burns, and in fact pretty much of the entire "Romantic School" of writers. Perhaps it would turn out that what Shelley did for the difficult problem of Personal Freedom is being paralleled by what these later writers have done for freedom in literary expression. At any rate, it seems quite relevant to say again that the taint of personality should not be allowed to taint our appreciation of the product so forbiddingly as at times it undoubtedly does. No medical man can forget the significance of the dual or multiple tendencies and potentialities in everybody, and particularly in some men and women, or that this life has no possible means for properly equilibriating these. Hence he should be inclined to say that it were better to forget even the reprehensible, and give ungrudgingly all the credit that is justly their due, than otherwise. We must remember that the refining of personality is seldom finished in this world; its pure gold appearing only, but none the less surely, when actually due, or, as many would say, when God wills!

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

A NEW LAND.

Each dawn holds promise of some newer world:
With purpose steadfast, true, the time employ;
On unknown seas, with snowy sails unfurled,
Columbus-like, seek some fair land of joy!

Shelbyville, Ind. ALONZO L. RICE.

MY DAYS.

My days of life, they come and go—
Filled to the brim and running o'er
With joy and sorrow, calm and strife,
Gladness and heartache sore;
But bring they weal, or bring they woe,
Above my will, they come and go.

Some are so rich in rare content
Their hurrying pace I fain would stay,—
Some with such misery are fraught
I long to speed them on their way;
But changeless as the tides that flow,
Unheedingly, they come and go.

Mine not to turn them from their course,
Mine not to choose their good or ill;
Mine but to wait in love and trust
The reeling of His will.
Who bids me hope, while swift or slow,
My days, allotted, come and go.

ALICE LEWIS COOK.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The History and Practice of Religion

A Seven-Year Course

FIFTH YEAR

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion

The New Testament

INTRODUCTORY.

We begin in this issue the publication of the lessons in the above course given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones at the Abraham Lincoln Centre to his class in religion which meets in two sections, namely, Tuesday mornings and Friday evenings. Attendance at this class is required of all those who teach in the Sunday School. The lessons are given by the teachers to their classes with such adaptations as the age of the pupils and the resources of the teacher will warrant, and with such helps in the way of maps, charts, pictures, etc., as can be offered. Mr. Jones, himself, always gives a general lesson, thus tying the course together. Mr. Jones' lectures are given *extempore* and are stenographically reported by Miss May Johnson, a condensation of whose notes is further revised with the co-operation of Mrs. William Rothmann. This week we print the outline of the topics and the references prepared for the class.

A 16-page pamphlet, setting forth in outline the Seven-Years Course, with references for each course, is now issued by the Unity Publishing Company and can be secured at the UNITY office for fifteen cents per copy.

TOPICS

1. Introductory.
2. John, Jesus, Paul (The Boys).
3. Paul's Letter to the Galatians.
4. First Thessalonians.
5. Second Thessalonians.
6. First Corinthians.
7. Second Corinthians.
8. Romans.
9. Philemon.
10. Colossians and Ephesians.
11. Philippians.
12. Mark.
13. Mark.
14. Mark.
15. Mark.
16. Matthew.
17. Luke.
18. John.
19. Pedigree and Birth Stories.
20. The Beatitudes.
21. Sermon on the Mount.
22. Parables.
23. Parables.
24. The Women of the Gospel.
25. The Resurrection.
26. The Jerusalem Beginning of the New Movement.
27. The Jerusalem Beginning of the New Movement.
28. The Pastoral Epistles of Paul.
29. Epistle to the Hebrews.
30. The Catholic Epistles Peter I and II, James and Jude.
31. The Johannine Literature, I, II, III.
32. The Book of Revelation.
33. The Apocryphal New Testament.

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CARPENTER: Life in Palestine When Jesus Lived (London Sunday School Association).
CARPENTER: Twentieth Century New Testament.

A Larger Tool Chest.

JUELICHER: Introduction to the New Testament.
MOFFAT: An Introduction to the Literature of the New Testament (Scribners).
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CARY: The Synoptic Gospels.
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SUGGESTED COLLATERAL READING

Some Recent Discussions of the Jesus Problem.

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LEONARD, WILLIAM ELLERY: The Poet of Galilee (Huebsch).
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DE LI'L' CHILLUN.

De li'l' chillun—dey so col',—
I hates ter see 'em shiver,
De night-win' freezin' ter dey soul,
En des a roof fer kiver!
Dey cry fer fire night en day;
En I—I dunno what ter say!

Dey kneel down whar' de col' win' creep,
Whilst I a-settin' nigh 'em;
"Dis night I lays me down ter sleep,"
En ax de Lawd stay by 'em;—
Des in de sweet ol' way—lak' dat.
(He dunno whar' dey livin' at!)

Dey comes a-cuddlin' ter my bre's'
Fer comfort—one en all.
I tries ter sing 'em ter dey res',
But feels de hot tears fall.
Po' li'l' lambs! nowhar's ter go,—
I sorry—sorry fer 'em so!

En yit, I knows de good Lawd say,
Once—w'en dey grief He see,—
What time de chillun los' dey way,
"Go tell 'em come ter Me!"
I wish who said dem words, lak' dat,
Knowed whar' dese chillun livin' at!

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

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ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE GRIMMEST JEST IN ALL HISTORY

Is the Peace Palace at The Hague, The World's Greatest Monument to Failure?

In a recent number of a popular magazine a well-known writer uses these words:

"Towering over the Carnegie Plein glitters the Peace Palace, history's grimmest jest and the world's greatest monument to failure."

Let us look at the facts.

Those people who have struggled to prevent this war and who have worked for the supremacy of law and decency over intrigue and greed in international affairs, have found in Holland for the last twenty years a hospitable reception. Holland lies outside the currents of militarism and of rival exploitations, which in an accelerating degree have threatened to ruin Europe. The courtesy of the capital city of Holland has found place for the meeting of those conferences and tribunals devoted to the extension of security and law. The friends of peace have also met in other capitals, notably in Brussels, Berne and Stockholm, but of all available cities, The Hague has been usually the most convenient.

In recognition of these needs, Mr. Carnegie gave to the Government of Holland something over a million dollars, to be used for the erection of halls adequate for the varied purposes of international activity. The people of Holland have put up a handsome building in the Dutch style of red and white brick, and they have surrounded it by a beautiful garden.

The building does not "glitter," nor is it in any sense a "palace," though its Dutch name, "Vredenpalast," translates itself as "peace palace."

No one expected that a hall of meeting would, of itself, bring peace to a careless, greedy world which spent half its earnings on the cultivation of hate. It was simply a meeting place for those who believed in the future rule of sanity and who served a cause that must ultimately triumph, a cause which must outlast armies and navies and kings and empires. Not to believe that civilization can be made law-abiding would be to despair of human destiny.

Just now we cannot meet in these halls, for the law-breakers of Europe have brought chaos in all international relations. It is understood that one of the faithful, Professor Ludwig Quidde, of Munich, finds his place there, and when the channels of travel are opened we shall find a thousand men ready for the war against war to where there was one in the careless and cynical days before 1914.

Shall we ever need these halls again? Is the riot of murder and robbery for which no man nor nation dare stand sponsor the last word in history? Is all human achievement to go the way of Malines and Louvain and Rheims? Is there no power higher than the armed State? Is there no public opinion, no voice of God, above the voice of the howitzer? Is the crush of rival military efficiencies the end of our Christian civilization?

We do not believe this. We have faith in man and, therefore, in the God within him. We have been heading straight toward war, gathering our weapons in the sacred name of peace. We shall fill the halls again when the pirates are swept from the lanes of traffic. There are a hundred, maybe a thousand, who see war today for what it is, where there was one a year ago.

When we have buried our dead and fed the starving millions that war has robbed, we shall come to The Hague again, and this Hall of Peace will be only one of ten thousand we shall need and find all over the world.

What, then, is the grimmest jest, the costliest failure in all history? Its name is Military Efficiency. It is the search for peace through hate. It is the armed peace, the use of barbarism as a defense against barbarism. Europe has spent ten millions of dollars a day to hire men and to buy guns to defend itself against itself. Armies and navies have their

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destined purpose, and this purpose is not security nor peace. To be prepared for war is to get it. Military Efficiency may bring victory. It never brought peace. The race for armament became the race for the abyss, and its end is the ruin of Europe. Exhaustion, pestilence, death; the weirdest imagination could conjure up nothing worse than what is happening today.

"To safeguard peace we must prepare for war." This is the watchword of the grimmest jest, the costliest failure in history.

Since the writer began this note, barely an hour ago, the war has already in that short time cost more than the Peace Palace at The Hague. Every day of war costs forty times Mr. Carnegie's gift. Every six hours of daylight Europe spends in destruction as much as all the world has ever paid to bring on the peace and security and mutual trust. And the greatest part of the few millions given to this work has been American money. All that the continent of Europe has spent for a century in abating hatred and suspicion would not keep the war going for an hour.

Every week this war must cost us of America, non-combatants, under the flag where hatred dies away the cost of a peace palace. The war paralyzes our enterprise, while on the other hand it forces on us the duty of feeding the nations crushed under the war-god's heel.

Indemnity! There is not coin enough in the world to make good the sufferings of Belgium and Servia and Poland, torn by the rivalries of her three flags.

It is for us to bind up the wounds, to soften the hatreds, to hold charity toward all and malice toward none.

But the one terrible lesson we must never forget: War breeds war, and there is nothing so costly as impersonal hate. "The world's grimmest jest, the costliest failure in history," is the use of military efficiency as insurance for peace.

In these sad days there are many men in all the nations of Europe who wish that there could arise a Pope in Christendom with a voice strong enough to call a "Truce of God" for this Christmas season that "the waning star of Bethlehem" might be seen again through the smoke of conflict.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Philadelphia, December 9, 1914.

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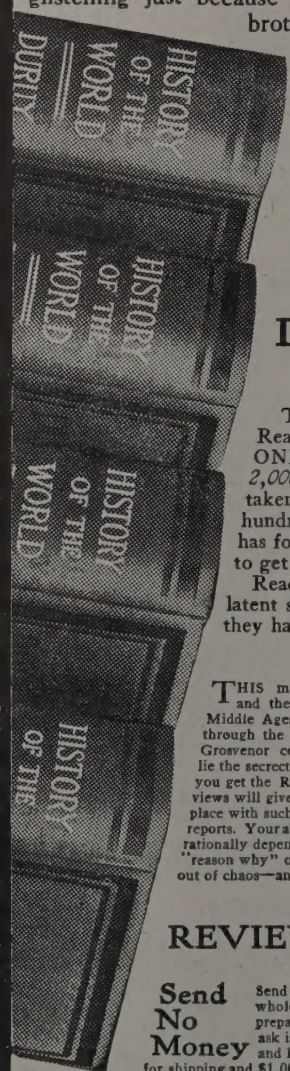

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